Newspaper. Speaking of President Cleveland. Do any of you know what it is to be President of the United States?

After twenty-four years of Republican rule a Democrat comes into office as Chief | Executive. That is, the head man who executes laws by appointing agents to the work. As a Democrat years been pulled out of shape by Rewe hurried men to vote for him. As yet we see no reason to regret what we did in this respect. God knows we wish TRUE CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM. every Republican voter out of office. Women of good character can remain if they are useful to the people as clerks and accountants. We wish the President and all his Cabinet to move ahead, esting discussion on all sides. Some of rapidly as possible.

As a Democrat, we can see no good to come from keeping Republicans in office a minute longer than their term, as there are as good Democrats all over the country as there ever were Republicans.

just as well as generous. There are in phrase in it. From beginning to end round numbers one hundred and ten thousand salaried office-holders in this might not just as well have been given country appointed by the President or to the public. One looks in vain for members of his Cabinet.

It takes a few weeks to write the names of men to fill all these offices, even were they all tillable at once. It select.

The President certainly can not read letters, petitions, protests, explanations, nothing to say except what would lead counter petitions, withdrawals of peti- to the good of the country. tions, newspapers, private letters, etc., Whatever our contemporaries may talk to one thousand per day, listen to attempt to show to the contrary, the all they say and sign appointments to utterances of that circular are in line office at the same time.

He has made fewer mistakes than have any of his predecessors. He is a man for a long, hard, honest pull. He means anything, means the improve-A 1 for deep plowing, and when he turns a furrow he turns it clean.

In the White House the other day we counted one hundred and seven men and eleven women all waiting to see him about office. In his private business room we stood with thirty-one other men, Senators, Congressmen, Generals, Colonels, editors, office-seekers, and watched people pour stuff into his ear as water from Buffalo is rushed over continue to hold his place, what sort of Niagara Falls and on into the deep, calm lake below.

Every man there wanted an office for himself or a friend who had sent in petitions. Had the President two hundred ears instead of a single pair, they could all be kept busy as receivers. Had he four hundred eyes instead of two, there are people there for him to look at and that the President saw something, as he soon quit talking, went out and went

He is anxious to lav foundations deep, and to select stuff that won't rot. We believe that he could move faster, but he is moving ahead as fast as he can, and every cut counts. It means business. When the posts are all in, he wants them in line, so far as he is concerned. He is willing to stand by his record, and lean back against his wall, confident that it will not fall over or be blown out of place easily.

Where there is so much good timber to select from he is bothered which to select. It is not that there is a scarcity to be remembered that bitter local quarrels spring up easily at times over rival aspirants for place, and that the friends of each are quick to get red-hot. The President prefers to have them come in cool, as that saves looking for a man who is not of himself a local

A day or two since we were in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Daniel Manning. During the conversation we said that Democrats in all parts of the country were clamoring for heads, especially of Republican postmasters.

"Yes, I know it. They have a right to be. But they are all reasonable men. This is a big job. Here is the Treasury Department requiring one thousand five hundred clerks who must not be ignoramuses. My position is not an easy one. I enter this office at nine a. m., and remain here till five p. m., not a moment for rest. It is now two o'clock. My lunch (a ham sandwich and apple were on the desk), is brought to me, but often I can not spare time to take even that much of food. We must make few mistakes. An office force like this can not be changed in a day or a month no more than the largest mercantile houses of manufactories of the country change forces suddenly and live. I have already made nearly five hundred changes, appointing Demo-crats to positions heretofore held by Republicans, and the work is going on. But for Democrats there would have been no change of administration. Let the wants, the sentiments of Democrats

As the Secretary said in truth, people outside of Washington have little idea of the job on hand. They give a new school teacher a month to become acquainted with a few scholars, yet expect a President to change 110,000 But it is hardly just to Blaine to speak office-holders inside of ninety days. Of his conduct as "betrayal." He did Suppose that every Republican were out and Democrats in their places since March 4. How many mistakes would have been made?

Socretary Manning has already made changes that save \$600,000 a year to the people. He has already earned more than enough to pay the entire four years all the proper word to describe his consalary of the President and Cabinet. He duct. We are surprised that a writer is selecting good, strong, able men to of Gail Hamilton's usual accuracy positions, even as he is himself a master mind in a master position.

The Post-office Department is the one that reaches farthest in among the people. The one whose appointees come in closest contact and have the most direct influence with voters. In that department matters move slower. Postmaster-General Vilas is not a rusher as are some men. He has not done but it unbecoming in Gail Hamilton to one-tenth that some men would have adopt their vocabulary for any purdone had they been in his place only pose. the same length of time. The magnitude of his work appalls him. He is overworked already. Let those interested put the present to him and if he would be useless to speculate about the can not stand it, let him give way to a matter; for the ordinary woman is unmore practical man. One who has had more experience in public life, and who have—a cause for anything she may do can reach a conclusion quicker. John Jones is as well qualified to-day to be postmaster at Jonesville as Jim Jack-casion she has recognized distinctly the son is to hold it. If Jim Jackson is a existence of relations between cause Republican partisan, let him move on, and effect; and several of her writings and let Jones be appointed. When he bear perceptible traces of a logical is appointed let him be as active in mind. It is not a violent presumption, making Democrats as Jones has been in therefore, that she has some reason for

position at the head of the line are doing the best they can. The speed of the guillotine is increasing every day as

men get used to its gearing. Meanwhile, as Democrats won the victory of 1884, with a little help outside, let them have the fruits of the victory, and let them keep on applying pressure till every Republican grub, especially outside the District of Columbia, be pinched out of the back of the cow whose tests have for twenty-four publicans. - Wishington Democrat.

Good Government the End and Aim of the

Administration. The circular recently issued by Postmaster-General Vilas calls forth interour contemporaries criticise it, others handle it charily, and others again praise it. But there is one very remarkable feature in all the comments that we have thus far seen. The circular was marked confidential, yet the most At the same time let us Democrats be willing critic can find no objectionable there is not an expression used which any utterance of an equivocal sort. "How are the departments doing?" "burn this letter" and equivalent expressions are conspicuously absent. takes a little time to learn who to Postmaster-General Vilas has no use for phrases of that sort. He knows what he wants to say and says it; but he had

with true Civil-Service reform and the promises of the party platform made at Chicago. Civil-Service reform, if it is not well adapted for skating, but is ment of the civil service of the country, and improvement of the civil service is just what the Postmaster-General proposes to carry out by means described in his circular. If office-holders have heretofore neglected the duties for which they were paid, what assurance is there that they will conduct themselves differently in the future? If a example does it set to those about him, and what kind of encouragement does it give to those who believe that public

office is a public trust? "Turn the rascals out" expresses the sentiment of the vast majority of the people, and it is that sentiment which Postmaster-General Vilas heeds in his letter. Wherever he finds a postmaslook into. President Cleveland has a ter who has abused his trust he pro-way of looking into men that makes poses to remove him and substitute a tunately, for a wholesome study of first launched still kept ahead by dint way of looking into men that makes poses to remove him and substitute a look at and look into one applicant who manipulation of conventions, caucuses man who will attend to duty, not to the was talking to him, as though he saw and wires. The only fault to be found, mony of those who have been restored with more freedom. At length the the diskonesty we knew was in him, and if any, is that he proposes to draw the to consciousness and the affirmations helmsman cried out, "Stand ready it seemed to us that the applicant felt line rather too mildly. His idea seems of the dying that there is no physical to board her!" partisans. Is it not well known to almost least of all the postmasters have been more active in attending to the workings of party machinery than to the duties of office? We believe those who will consider for a moment will agree with us that the Postmaster-General has given postmasters the advantage of

every possible doubt. The masses in all parties want good, pure government; they desire to have good men in office. But they know that their desires can not be gratified if conscientious, faithful officials are to have no advantage over those of the opposite sort; if, in short, the rascals are to be allowed to remain in. Moreover, all but the partisans desire the success of no success if ineflicient or negligent office-holders are allowed to retain their places, to the embarrassment and hindrance of the Administration. The Postmaster-General merely says that good government is the end and aim of the Administration, to secure which it is not the clutches of an assailant; there necessary to "turn the rascals out," and the people will heartily answer, Amen! - Boston Globe.

AN UNEXPECTED BETRAYAL. The Late Diatribe of Miss Dodge in the

"North American Review." Something must have occurred to sour the gifted Gail Hamilton. Heretofore the stanch, persistent friend of her relative, the late Republican candidate for the Presidency, she has not only abandoned him, but goes so far as to charge upon him the Republican defeat of November last. In her article on "Prohibition in Politics," in the June North American, she speaks deliberately and with a full apparent consciousness of the weight her words carry, of the Republican party as "the noblest party ever developed by free institutions for the defense of free institutions, and never nobler than now in its temporary

defeat by an unexpected betrayal.'

There is undoubtedly some measure of truth in this. The Republican defeat-which Miss Dodge is mistaken in regarding as "temporary"-was very largely due to the selfish persistence of James G. Blaine in forcing himself upon the party as its candidate, and compelling it either to indorse his malodorous record or decline to support him. not recognize any obligation to the party. It was the party obligation to him that he recognized. He regarded himself as of more importance than the party; and while he unquestionably sacrificed the party to his personal ambition and greed, "betrayal" is not at should, even under the stress of personal feeling, forget the proprieties of language and do so rank an injustice to her kinsman. Not even among Blaine's most earnest political opponents is he accused of "betrayal," though he is generally recognized as the cause of his party's defeat. The "Mugwumps" may possibly be less lenient with him;

The cause of this unexpected attack making Republicans, and thus stiffen and encourage Democrats.

To change an Administration the size of this is a job of magnitude. Those in

DOES DEATH STING?

An Answer From a Medical Point of View. Dr. G. L. Beardsley concludes that the dread of dying is quite as intense Falkenbeg who was compelled to beat as the instinct of self-preservation. Indeed, it is not improbable, adds the doctor, that numbers would care less about living were the modes of leaving for seamen who traversed the German the world a theme for happy contem- Ocean to declare that they had met the plation, or an innovation to the routine of plodding that was agreeable. One is remarkably exempt from the crime of hasty induction if he affirms that there is no sane or healthy mortal who anticipates his extinction with any degree of pleasure. The function of dying is actually vegetative-we fall to pieces like a flower. This very fact, that the process is chemical, confirms us in the conclusion that the final throe is as painless as the inconvenience is nothing to the feetal pilgrim when he touches on daylight. A moment's examination of the way we are to die will show marks of goodness in our taking off. been seen in the vicinity of the Cape of The degree of sensibility is propor- Good Hope, and was always regarded tioned to the integrity of the tissues. An as the worst of all possible omens. Her inflammation heightens it; age depre- crew committed some atrocious crime; ciates it. Any defect in nutri- the plague broke out among them; no tion disturbs the comfort of harbor would consent to shelter them; the individual until the carbonic the apparition of the ship still haunts acid generated in the devitaliza- the seas in which the crimes were pertion of the blood becomes fixed in the petrated, etc. The superstition origcells or is no longer displaced. The insted with the Dutch, though the Ensensory ganglia everywhere part with glish sailors put the most faith in the their irritability by virtue of this legend. Sir Walter Scott alluded to the poison, and cease to conduct cur- ship as a harbinger of wo: rents. The criteria of death are being satisfied, and the process is consummated with this extinction of sensibility prevailing at the ultimate filaments. During the progress of this dissolution of the nerve force, this creeping on of the numbness of death, the individual is rapidly passing into a condition of repose, and in- fall in with ships abandoned to the stead of torture or pangs, a degree of self-satisfaction oft approaching to board. Such instances may have sugenthusiasm is realized. The sensations gested the legends. On the other peculiar to the therapeutical operation hand they may have had their origin of opium, hasheesh, ether, etc., are in the looming up, or apparent suspennot improbably akin to the mental ac- sion in the air, of some ship out of tivities of the dying. Barring the hallucinations experienced in the stupor nessed at sea, and caused by unequal as it gained on the subject, the moribund is familiar with naught that borders on suffering. postmaster or a cashier or a clerk has carbonic acid has poisoned or narbeen grossly derelict, yet is allowed to cot zed the several ganglia, and reflex by Mr. Hunt: productions are interdicted. A consummate analgesia prevails. In short, the not on of pain is forbidden the instant that any stimulous fails to excite a response. The condition to this irritability is that the nerve center and the one being eager to get to the ship, as track be sound. If this vigor vanishes, she had the appearance of a foreign reflex phenomena are at an end, and trader. The hull was clearly visible; suffering, physiologically speaking, is she was a schooner-r gged vessel with impossible because of the arrest of the a light over her bows. Away they one's demise, there are assurances, of mechanical power and skill. All the abundant from vivisection, the testi- men had thrown off their jackets to row to be that from one-sixth to one-quarter | recoil from death. Burney tried hard | the bow-oar, slipped it out of the rowof the postmasters have been offensive | to resist the efforts made to resuscitate | lock and stood on the forethwart, takhim from drowning, so bew tched was ing his jacket on his arm, ready to any reader that in the circle of towns he by his prolonged slumber. Dr. spring aboard. The vessel came so in which he is acquainted, one-half at | Solander, the traveler, was so delighted with the sensations of excessive cold | the men, and the bow-oar man made a that he was the first to lie down grasp at the bulwarks. His hand found in the snow to realize the luxury of such a death. William Hunter was by one of his mates, back into the boat, sorry he was not able to "write how easy and delightful it is to die." Infants die as serenely as they breathe, and not a few among the advanced in years treat death as a friend to their Gwithian, and all on board perished .infirmities. Hanging is naturally rated, next to crucifixion, a most distressing procedure. But it is reported of those who have been saved from strangulation that the agony promised to be brief, and was rapidly replaced by hallucinations of a fascinating variety. One would fain believe that the kind the Administration; but there can be God who suffered us to feel no sigh in coming would take no delight in turning our farewell into writhing-nay. He does not quit us at the last. He is our greatest benefactor in allowing us to sleep out of weariness. Death is, assuredly, no tax collector; its jaws are

and Surgical Reporter.

the title of our article.

substance it is as follows:

to sav.

PHANTOM SHIPS.

The sailors were excusable, on account

CAPITAL FOR BUSINESS. ome Simple Facts That Piont an Instruc

Frank H. Stauffer, in Current.

tive Moral. In 1835 the writer knew a young couple who were married in that year. The man was a strong, healthy young man, who could neither read nor write, and who appeared to have but little nope or aspiration for the future. He had been for some years a hired hand on a farm. The woman he married was a hired girl on an adjoining farm. is no "victory to the grave;" the ghost able and willing to do any amount of speeds away from us as it entered with reasonable hard work. They got marno ruffle. The sense of death, as Shakspeare has it, is most in appreried, and got permission to build a log hension. It is the fear of the lonely cabin on the corner of a farm, to live night, not the throes of nature, that in. It was a cheap and simple concern, makes the leaving painful. - Medical costing probably ten or fifteen days' work of the man and wife. The household furniture would cost probably ten dollars. In this house they lived for four years, he doing such days' work as he Some Odd Stories Showing the Hold the could get in the neighborhood which fur-Imagination Had on Ancient Mariners. nished them the necessaries of life. He We are not surprised that the ancient worked for the writer, and from his mariners peopled the sea, in their frank and honest character we became quaint mythology, with imaginary creainterested in his case. One day we asked him why he did not buy a farm tures, or invested the most common and become an independent man. His things and occurrences with prognostic influences. Following them with their

answer was like those whom we advised to go into fruit raising. "He had sea-faring delusions, came the monks nothing to buy with." of the Middle Ages, pretending to We told him if he would strictly folchronicle, with scrupulous accuracy, low directions he would have a farm saintly interpositions at sea, etc., etc. in five years. He hooted at the idea. He was invited to go along with us and talk with his wife, Nancy. She was of their ignorance and credulity, but asked, if, by the hope of getting a farm the same apology can not be offered in for themselves she would not, by taking behalf of the monks. It is not our pur- in work, and going out to the neighors pose, in this article, to enumerate the and doing a day's work occasionally, superst tious, and still less to speak of support herself and her husband in the currous legends, only in so far as the barest necessities of life for five they may be directly connected with years. After studying over it for a week, she said she could and she would. In a very rare book entitled "Otia Her husband was to get all the work Imperialia," written by Gervase of Til- he could and at the end of each week bury, in 1211, is a very odd story, re- hand it over to the writer to be deposited in a bank. Things moved slowly lated with all the soberness of fact. In at first, but before the end of two As the people were coming out of a months he had twenty-five dollars in church in England, on a dark, cloudy bank. He began to gathernew energy day, they saw a cable dangling from and new life. He saw daylight. He the clouds, and, upon examination, was a most faithful and energetic found it attached to a ship's anchor hand. He was more in demand at which had caught in a heap of stones. higher wages. In three years (not Suddenly the cable became taut, as if five) he had money enough to buy an unseen crew were trying to haul it | eighty acres of land in Decatur County, up, while clamorous orders issued from Ind. He went there full of hope. He the clouds overhead. To their surprise soon improved and stocked it by the a sailor came sliding down the cable, aid of his devoted wife. Soon he had surplus money and bought more land. and was suffocated by the thick atmosphere in the presence of the gaping which operation was frequently recrowd. His shipmates cut the cable peated, until now he and his wife are and sailed away. The anchor which a happy and respected old couple, they left behind them was made into worth at least one hundred thousand fastenings and ornaments for the door dollars. They had a plenty of capital of the nearest church. Whether they to begin with, but did not know it. About the same time there was a man

still exist, in commemoration of the wonderful event, we are not prepared of wealth living in the neighborhood. who had by a life of hard work and The phantom ship was an object of economy accumulated about \$33,000. elief to the Norman fishermen, He died and left it to three children, and would be driven into port when- two sons and a daughter. Each of them ever the prayers for the souls of their received \$11,000 as capital to begin lost kinsmen had failed to be effica- business with. The two sons died cious. In "Credulities Past and Pres- many years ago, drunkards and pauent." is an account of what follow such a mysterious visitation. The widows whose father (a doctor in Philadelphia) and children and friends of the seamen gave him a like sum to balance that of who were supposed to have been his wife. Since that time he has taken drowned, would rush to the quay. the benefit of the bankrupt law twice, Cries of recognition would arise, but his wife is dead, and the man is on the no returning cry would be heard from wane of prosperity again, how long to the crew. The bells would sound the hour of midnight, and a fog would steal over the sea, amid which the vestory that have no capital to begin sel would disappear. Amidst the sobs starting a small fruit farm can write and cries of the spectators of the phan-tom ship the warning voice of the positive facts.—Iowa State Register. HOME AND FARM.

priest would be heard: "Pay your

lebts! Pray for the lost souls in Purga-

phantom ship. Some legend of the

kind suggested to Coleridge his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." There is a

spectre ship in it, and dice are thrown

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,

The Flying Dutchman was a name

riven to one of these phantom ships.

It scudded before the wind under a

heavy press of sail when other ships

were afraid to show an inch of canvas.

She was generally declared to have

"Or, of that phantom ship whose form

The demon-frigate braves the gale.
And well the doomed spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and wo!"

It was probably no uncommon occur-

rence in early times for seafarers to

winds and waves, with corpses on

sight-a phenomenon sometimes wit-

refraction in the lower strata of the at-

tradition of a phantom ship as related

go to the westward of St. Ive's Head.

No sooner was one boat launched, than

several others put off from the shore.

and a stiff chase was maintained, each

close to the boat that they could see

nothing solid, and he fell, being caught

instead of into the water. Then ship

and lights disappeared. The next

morning the Neptune, of London, Cap-

tain Richard Grant, was wrecked at

We close our article with a Cornish

One night a gig's crew was called to

mosphere.

Full spread and crowded every sail

Shoots like a meteor through the storm.

Her locks were yellow as gold; Her skin was white as leprosy, The night-mare Life-in-death was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold."

for the souls of the crew.

tory!

-Some one says that glycerine will remove coffee and other stains from There is a legend of a Herr Von white or colored goods. -If you wish to pour boiling hot about the ocean till the Day of Judgliquid into a glass jar or tumbler it can ment, on board a ship without a helm or steersman, playing at dice for his soul with the devil. It was common be safely done by first putting a spoon

> -Cake Pudding: Butter, size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, half teaspoonful of soda. one pint of flour, fruit .- Toledo Blade. -A pretty tidy is made by sewing alternate rows of colored ribbon and oriental lace on a strip of coarse white net. A full frill of lace finishes it, and the strip is then drawn closely together in the center and tied with a narrow ribbon. - N. Y. Mail.

-According to eminent medical authority, there is no good substitute for a dict of milk and eggs in typhus and typhoid fevers. Many lives are lost, he thinks, by starvation, owing to an over-estimate of the nutritive value of beef tea and meat juices.-N. Y. Ex-

-The Corn Miller calls attention to the fact that where two varieties of corn-dent and flint-were grown on the same farm, care was taken at husking to determine the relative proportion of corn when in the ear and when shelled. The result showed that the dent variety gave eighty bushels of shelled corn per acre, and the flint sixty bushels, but when they were dried and weighed for market, it was found that the yield of flint exceeded that of dent.

-For the ingredients of a boiled dressing for salad, take the beaten yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful mustard, two teaspoonfuls salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or oil. one cup cream or milk, one-half cup of hot vinegar and the wnites of three eggs beaten stiff. Cook until it thickens like soft custard. St'r well. This is excellent for lettuce, celery, asparagus and string beans.-Philadelphia Press.

-The anxiety of some farmers to get their cattle to grass early is strongly condemned by the National Live-Stock Journal. The little green food thus obtained, it says, does not help much in feeding them, but it gives them a distaste for dry fodder, and thus unfavorably affects their appetite for the food that must support them. Cattle should be kept upon winter food until grass has grown sufficiently to afford a good bite, and then they should not be left upon the grass more than an hour or two at a time for a few

-Toothpicks should never be kept upon a table where meals are served. There should be a convenient place near at hand where one can be conven ently taken in passing out of the used as quietly and privately as possible. and when used-religiously thrown away. Good shaping of the human face divine, good manners, good taste and good health forbid the touching. tasting or handling of toothpicks as an article of diet, or as a sweet morsel of wood pulp to roll over or under the tongue. - Exchange.

-Since the cultivation of the Jerusalem artichoke by farmers for the use of their stock is becoming quite common, it may be of interest to know that the vegetable may be prepared for the table. Peel the artichokes and cut them into little dice; put them into a stewpan with a piece of butter, some salt, and a little parsley. Let them steam about a quarter of an hour; then dredge them with floor; add sufficient soup, boil up and serve with sippets of toast. Or boil the artichokes in salted water, drain and mash them. Add them to a soup in which very little pieces of meat are floating. Or boil and mash them; add them to a clear white soup, and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour stirred into a cup of cream or good milk .- Detroit Post.

OUR FORESTS.

The Fate of the Woodlands Which Once The spruce is a hardworking, honest

tree. It may not possess the grandeur of the pine nor the soaring crown of the hemlock; but a gum will outchew caouchouc, and is deservedly popular in Boston, female colleges, and other select localities. The spruce is meeting, last of all, the doom of his evergreen fellows. In Maine and New Hampsh're and in the Canadian provinces the ax of the logger is eating its way steadily and without mercy into the heart of the spruce country, and too soon will the place thereof know it no more. Thus went the pine, though when the latter reigned the spruce grew on unharmed, for loggers deemed it an ignoble tree, good enough to raise chewing gum, but unworthy of further usage. So they went for the pine alone, and hewed it down, as if the world stood watching unt leach lake and stream grew weary with the burden of murdered trees. If waters can be sad, know no reason why the eastern lakes and rivers might not be mournful as well as was that old Greek fountain which sprang from a woman's tears, who mourned her children slain. For the pine trees and the waters were akin and loving. When the rain descended or the snows of winter melted, the trees gathered in the surplusage so that the stream flowed evenly to the sea, and when drought came the full lakes gave of their abundance to the sunshine's call and thus returned it to the thirsty trees. Now all are gone. The brooks of rounded rocks and the lakes but shallow basins. When floods of spring and autumn come to hand there is naught to stay them. They work destruction for a passing hour; then the streams dry up and the lakes become shallow basins again, so full of sandbars that even the catfish get aground and the contiguous factories ouy steam engines or move away.

What became of the pine? The an swer is readily given. It was shipped off to the West Indies, most of it, and came back as molasses, the greater part of which was brewed into New England rum, a horrible compound, and this the thr fty natives drank up. Such was the passing of the pine tree.

The nemlock, too, has gone its way. It was literally skinned out of existence. Men wanted its hide to use in tanning leather, and did not rest until it left them for ever. Hemlock timber was not considered valuable while anything else was handy, hence most of these trees rotted where they fell, while the bark traveled to some of the big tanneries in Maine and Massachusetts. Since hemlock became scarce the tanners use in its stead a South American gum; hence hemlock tan is largely something else nowadays.—Coos (N. H.) Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BUTTERFLIES. Look at the butterflies! Purposeless things, How idly they float on their gossamer wings! Over the popples and over the grass, Light as the down of a thistle they pass.

Where are they going, and why are they here in the heat of the day and the noon of the They are gone from our sight and they come not again.

And we—we are wearled with fever and frost, Whatever we do, it must be at a cost; We hear, as we journey, the dropping of tears; We bear on our foreheads the stamp of the

But look at the butterflies—beautiful things-Before us and over us flashing their wings! It may be the Maker who fashioned then Has sent the gay creatures on errands to us. Perhaps we go slowly, when we should b

swift
To follow the scent of the roses, that drift
Their pink snow about us; more oft we might play, And yet finish our tasks by the end of the

Oh, blest are the eyes that are clear to behold The wonderful glow of the butterflies' gold, With leisure to follow their flight as they pass So gracefully, silently, over the grass!
—Ellen M. H. Gales, in St. Nicholas.

THE TURNING POINT.

How Eleanor's Eyes Were Opened to Her Aimless, Selfish Life.

"It does seem as if some people have more than their share of trouble," said Mrs. Hilton, in a despondent tone, as she held out a thin, toil-worn hand to Mrs. Bowen, a neighbor, who had stopped on her way "down-town" to inquire after her health.

"It does seem hard that you should be laid up in this way, that's a fact," she drew a chair to the bedside. "The mother of a large family can't very well afford to treat herself to the luxury of a broken limb."

"I don't know how they are all going to get along without me," said Mrs. Hilton. "My hands have always been full to overflowing, and now, of course, everything will be at a standstill. It makes me sick at heart to think of it.'

"You mustn't think of it," said Mrs. Bowen. "You must keep quiet and tranquil if you want to get well fast. Fretting is sure to give you a fever." "It is very well to tell me to keep rising to her eyes, "but how can I help drew her gently to his side. fretting when I know that I shall prob-

utterly unable to do anything. The noble qualities, doctor tells me that the house will get a tender kiss. along somehow, but that is cold comfort. If I only had a sister who would

have forgotten her."

ner. She stays in her own room day in and day out. Eleanor! I might as well have no one in charge as Eleanor. She

s of no use.' The door opening into the adjoining room was ajar, and the mother's words were heard distinctly by a young girl who was standing listlessly at a window, looking out on the garden below. She started, and her face flushed pain-

"Of no use," she repeated to herself in a low voice. "How unkind of mother to say such a thing! And how un-

Unable to repress the angry tears which rose to her eyes, and fearing discovery, she left the room, and, running down to the library, threw herself on in the patchwork cushion.

"I wonder if my own mother would ever have said such a cruel thing," she thought, as her tears flowed freely. · She would have found me of some

use, I know." She could not remember her own mother, who had died many years before, but heretofore she had had no particular fault to find with the stranger who had taken that mother's place. The second Mrs. Hilton had been warned, both by relatives and friends, that the position of a step-mother was a difficult one to fill acceptably, and she had, from the first, been very cautious in her treatment of Eleanor, telling herself that the child should never be able to say that she had ill-treated or made a servant of her. This feeling had become almost morbid, and when Eleanor returned from boarding-school, she was treated with the consideration usually shown a guest. She had one of the best rooms in the house, and was never called upon to assist in any of its duties. She spent her time as she liked; read, embroidered, crocheted, made calls, and went to entertainments without suggestion or hindrance from her step-mother. And, having no especial duties to perform, she found life very dull and weari-

"If I only had some particular talent that I could turn to account," she often thought. "Then I would have something to which I could look forward. and the days would not seem so long." Many an idle hour did she spend in foolish dreaming of the future and what it would bring her, and the sight of the perpetually over-flowing stocking-basket on the window-seat by her mother's chair did not suggest to her that there was plenty of work close at hand if she only chose to take it up. She did not know that she was leading a selfish, aimless life, wasting time that God had intended her to use for the good of those about her.

She felt very unhappy as she lay on the old lounge, and told herself that she was unappreciated and had been very much maligned. She thought she could never forgive her step-mother, or feel kindly toward her again. "I wish I could go away some-

where," she sobbed hysterically. course, she would be glad to get rid of me, since I am of no use. Just then she heard Bridget's voice in the next room: "What have ye got on yer best jacket for, Bob? This ain't no time

ma lying in bed wid a broken leg."
"I tore my every-day jacket," answered Bob, "and of course I'll have to wear this one right along, now mother's sick and can't mend the

other." "Why don't ye ask Miss Nelly to mend it? Sure, she's allers got a needle in her hand." "Eleanor! Oh, she wouldn't do it.

and Bob went whistling out to the stable, unconscious that his careless

the old servant. How true it is that "Full many a shaft at random sent, Finds mark the archer little meant." The truth, brought home to Elesnor thus roughly from her little brother's lips, did more towards opening her eyes to her own past conduct than any ad-vice or counsel, however kindly meant. could have done. Over and over again, she repeated the words Bob had said: "She never does anything for anybody but herself," and her cheeks flamed as she confessed to her own heart that it was true. She could not recollect having offered once, in the two years she had been home, to relieve her mother

of any of the household cares. She lay curled up on the lounge for an hour longer, thinking over the pass, and making good resolutions for the future. Then she sprang up, and with the determination to begin her new life. at once, went up stairs to find the torn jacket. She had just finished mending t, and had taken the big stockingbasket into her lap when Bob came in, losely followed by Harry and Arthur.
"Hello" he said. "What's come over you, Nelly? I never saw you mending tockings before. But I'm glad you're doing it, for I haven't a pair that isn't

"And there is your every-day jacket," said Eleanor. "It is mended, and you can put it on again.' "Did you mend it?" There was un-

Eleanor nodded. "You did! Well, won't mother be urprised when she knows of it!" Eleanor winced. The careless words cut her like a knife.

mitigated surprise in Bob's tone.

Supper had been rather a cheerless affair since Mrs. Hilton's accident. Bridget had had all the work of the house on her hands, and had given little thought to the preparation of the meals. Doctor Hilton, driving home at six o'clock, and feeling weary and outof-sorts, expected to find the diningroom cheerless and cold, and a hastilysaid Mrs. Bowen, sympathetically, as prepared repast. He was therefore leasantly surprised to find a bright fire in the open grate, and Eleanor flitting about a well-spread table. "You are late, father," she said, af-

fectionately. "Yes, and very hungry," he answered. "That toast looks unusually

good, Nelly," with a glance at the ta-"Perhaps that is because I made it,

father.' " You!" He looked at her keenly.

"Yes, I must be housekeeper now mother is laid up," she returned, as she rang the bell for the children. The doctor was silent for a moment, then approaching his daughter he put ranguil," said Mrs. Hilton, the tears his arm about her slender waist and

"I always felt sure that you only ably have to lie here six or eight weeks, needed an opportunity to show your noble qualities, daughter," he said, with

The tears rushed to Eleanor's eyes, but she had no time to reply, for the come here now, how thankful I would boys came trooping in, and she had to take her place at the tea-tray. Mrs. "But there is Eleanor," said Mrs. Hilton was forced to confess to herself Bowen. "She is nineteen, I believe; at the end of a week that she had miscertainly old enough to take charge of judged her step-daughter. The wheels the house for a few weeks. You must of the household machinery turned as easily and smoothly as when her own "Indeed, I often do forget her," | kands had been at the helm, and Bridget sighed Mrs. Hilton, "I see so little of declared that her young mistress was a

"born cook." "You see, I was right in thinking you could depend on Eleanor in this emergency," said Mrs. Bowen, one day, as she sat by Mrs. Hilton's bedside. "Yes, and I was very wrong in say-

ing she was of no use," said the invalid. "She has surprised and delighted me." And Eleanor, happier than she had been since childhood, discovered that there might be real pleasure in the fait ful performance of even the homeliest duties; and the days were no longer dull and tedious. Whatever her hands found to do, she did with her might, and the approbation of her parents was all the praise she cared for.

Between herself and her step-mother sprang up a love both deep and true; the well-worn lounge, burying her face but Mrs. Hilton never knew that Eleanor had overheard that conversation with Mrs. Bowen, and that it had been the turning-point of her life.-Florence B.

Hallowell, in Chicago Standard. HAVE A PURPOSE.

Be Studious, and Resolve to Be a Gentle-

man, Come What Will. Young man, have a purpose in your heart. Now, what is your purpose in life? Is it that, under all circumstances, you will do what you think is right? Or is it to become rich at the expense of principle and right? The first purpose you should have is to care for yourself. Young men nowadays don't; and when the body is wrecked, they hobble through life, making everybody, about them miserable. Find out what diet best agrees with you, and adhere to it. Daniel began by abstaining from wine. This would be a good start for you, young man. Next, take care of your intellect.

Study, if you have intellect-there are some young men who don't know whether or not they have any intellect -improve it. Many hard-working men have acquired profound educations by being studious during small intervals of leisure. Get an hour a day if you can get no more. Devote half of it to study of the Bible, and divide the remaining thirty minutes, say between astronomy, botany and geology. Do this one year, and you will be surprised at what you have accomplished.

Then take care of your manners. The manners of Americans are degenerating. There was a time when a young man would not offend a lady by puffing cigar smoke into her face. Now I see done on the street-cars every day. Imitate the sweetness and gentleness of Daniel. Be affable, suave, courteous and kind. Never utter a thoughtless word that will pain. Start in life with the principle: "I'll be a gentleman, come what will."—Dr. H. M. Scudder.

A Funny Incident.

Judge Pettis, ex-Minister to Bolivia. related to a correspondent an anecdote of Joshua Giddings and Ben Wade, when those giants were at the bar. "I remember," he said, "a funny incident which occurred in a slander case in which Giddings and W de were op-posed to each other. Mr. Giddings was making a strong speech in behalf of the to be wearin' out ye best clo'es wid ye plaintiff, and was evidently having great effect upon the jury, when he began to quote from Shakespeare, saying: He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who hes from me my fair nam he forgot the remainder and wend back and repeated: 'Gentlemen, the poet has well said, 'He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who steals steals—'when Wade, who had been sitting with his head down upon his chest, watching Giddings from under She never does anything for anybody his bushy eyebrows, roared out: 'Steals that which you never had.' The court, jury and lawyers burst into laughter. Giddings grew red in the face, tried to recover himself, but could not do so words had been heard by any one save well enough to regain his former foot-ing. The jury turned from him and Wade got the verdict."—Washington Post.